TOM TYLER:

OR,

The NURSE.

(74)

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

OLd Stories of a *Tyler* ſing,
That did attempt to be a King:
Our Age is with a *Tyler* grac'd,
By more prepoſterous Planets rais'd.
His Cap with *Jocky*'s matcht together,
Turn'd to a Beaver and a Feather;
His Clay transform'd to Yellow Guilt,
And Trowel to a Silver Hilt.

His Lady from the Tiles and Bricks,
Kidnapp'd to Court in Coach and Six;
Her Arms a ſucking Prince embrace,
(Whate'er you think) of Royal Race:
A Prince, come in the Nick of Time
(Bleſs'd *Dada*! 'tis a Venial Crime
That ſhall repair our Breach of State,
While all the World congratulate,
Shall, like his Sire, ſuppreſs the Juſt,
Raiſe Knaves and Fools to Place of Truſt,
Titus and *Vane*, who ſought his Fate,
Tylers and *Macs* to Chits of State.
But here, unhappy Babe, Alas,
I cannot but lament thy Caſe!
That's Thou, fed up with *Rome*'s ſtrong Meats,
Shou'd long for Milk of Heretic Teats!
Among the Daughters was there none
Worthy to Nurſe a Monarch's Son,
That Thou, in ſpight of all the Prieſts,
Shou'dſt long for Milk of Heretic Breſts?
But if thy Uncle, who before
Was always right, chang'd the laſt hour,
If thy undoubted Sire, ſo ſage,
Declar'd i'th' Evening of his Age;
Why ſhou'dſt not thou, *Papiſt* ſo ſoon,
Be a ſtanch *Proteſtant* e'er Noon?

This ſaid, the *Tyler* laugh'd in's Sleeve,
And took his Audience of Leave:
The Prince, who anſwer'd ne'er a Word,
That he ſhou'd Travel did accord;
To *Paris* ſent to learn *Grimace*,
To Swear and Damn with a *Bon Grace*.

FINIS.